

RUNAWAY JUNE

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER

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By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

SECOND EPISODE.

In Pursuit of the Runaway Bride

CHAPTER I.

THE runaway bride, who led the chase, seemed to be lucky, for the traffic opened before her like magic and closed behind her like a wall. As she turned into Central park at Fifty-ninth street, safe from immediate pursuit, the black Vandyked man's car was in a smart at Fifth-sixth. As he came out of that pocket he leaped forward, after a look ahead, and spoke crisply to his driver. They stopped at the Plaza hotel, and the man, hurrying up the steps, suddenly paused. With a smile he drew from his pocket a tiny gold watch and opened it. Inside the lid was the picture of a beautiful young girl with a handsome collar. The black Vandyked man gazed at the picture for a moment in frowning meditation. It was the runaway bride.

As he entered the hotel Ned's taxi, with the fluttering white ribbons, passed and turned into the park just as June Warner turned out of it at Seventy-second street, heading for Riverside drive.

At that hour Iris Blithering sat pouring her voluble sadness into the ears of Bobbie in the Blithering home on Riverside drive. She had been school day chum and the bosom friend of June Moore, but now there was no June Moore, only a June Warner, and June Warner might become a stranger. "Rot," observed Bobbie. "How long are they going to be gone?"

"Three weeks. It's an eternity, Bobbie!"

"Rot," said Bobbie. "Why doesn't somebody answer that doorbell?"

It had only just rung, and immediately the hollow Blithering butler came through. He did not return to announce any one, however. Instead the caller rushed straight in and threw herself into the arms of Iris.

"June!" Blithering stood by and watched the tableau for a moment; then he went to the door and looked out.

"Where's Ned?" he quite naturally inquired.

The only answer was a sob.

"June!" pleaded Iris, "where's Ned?"

"I—I left Ned!" June wailed. "I ran away!"

"Aw, I say!" protested Bobbie.

"What did he do, dear?" This from Iris.

"He—he gave me money!"

"He gave you money?" Iris repeated.



The Black Vandyked Man.

this dumbly after awhile. "Did you say he gave you money?"

"Yes," June straightened up as she recognized the difficulty which lay before her. Iris, while a warm and loyal friend, was not exactly a thoughtful person nor a sensitive one and might perhaps not understand the deep ethical significance of what had happened. Bobbie didn't count.

"Just after the wedding breakfast mother gave me a purse, and if I had not left that on the library table at home I might not have known my predicament until it was too late. When Ned and I were on the train, however, I missed the purse. While I was telling Ned about it he tipped the porter



a dollar in his nice, cheery way; then he turned around and gave me \$30—in just the same way! Don't you see? And she shuddered with the recollection of her humiliation. "Then I had a dream," went on June, with more vigor, bound now to make them understand. "I saw myself being paid for being a wife, as mummy pays the servants and Ned pays his stenographer. I saw Ned giving me money as he gives it to beggars! I saw myself always holding out my hand for charity!" And she was a most pathetic little figure as she upturned her palm. "I couldn't stand it. So I threw down the \$30 and slipped off the train and came back!"

"But you had no money!" said Iris.

"I got on the train anyhow and sold my watch to a funny old lady," June explained. She panned to remember something—the black Vandyked man who now had her watch. He had bought it from the old lady on the train, so that June could some day redeem it. That was very nice of him.



He Caught Up the Portrait and Pressed it to His Lips.

She had his card and was reaching for it when she noticed that Iris had gone to the telephone.

"You mustn't telephone anybody!" the runaway bride insisted. "You would be betraying my confidence."

"But what do you intend to do?"

"What about Ned?" Bobbie suddenly blurted, the thought of young Warner.

"We can walk together hand in hand—in mutual respect and acceptance from each other nothing but love!"

"Ned's a darling!" And June's lip quivered. "He's an angel! But I cannot be a burden to be carried on Ned's back. I shall stay away from Ned until I achieve my own independence. Then we can walk together hand in hand—in mutual respect and acceptance from each other nothing but love!"

"It is for his happiness as well as for mine," June insisted firmly. "The world will not be happy until women walk in strict equality with men, Iris dear."

She saw by the face of her friend that cold logic was wasted. The two girls walked upstairs, and Iris ushered her still bosom friend into a cozy little guest room.

Meanwhile Ned Warner began to be familiar with the bronze painter on the overhanging rock in the park and, casting back in his memory, reflected that he must have passed it about five times.

But why had June married him? Why had she walked down the aisle of the Brynport chapel with him that morning? Perhaps the black Vandyked man was married, and marriage was the only road to June's freedom.

He could stand this train of thoughts no longer. He whirled up Riverside drive, past the very house where June was then talking to Iris and turned his key in the lock of the place which was to have been home. Home! And this was his return! Here were all the furnishings which they had bought together. Here had clustered all his dreams of happiness.

It must be his task to find that man! June was still June—and his June! He caught up the portrait and pressed it to his lips and held it in his arms and sank down by the bed sobbing.

At that moment June and Iris were sitting in the big walnut paneled library, and Bobbie wandered in. When he saw the girls he started back.

"Don't go, Bobbie!" called Iris. She walked straight up to him and held out her hand. "Produce!"

"What's the price?" he asked.

"Oh, a hundred."

"How did you guess my roll?" inquired the cheerful Bobbie, dragging up a handful of bills with nonchalant ease, at which June smiled in spite of her embarrassment. She had always been amused at the matter of fact and open way in which these two discussed finances. Bobbie counted his money and held back a fragment of it.

"Here's a hundred, and I'm seven to the good."

"Oh!" gasped June as the significance of the tableau suddenly dawned upon her. Why, they were almost in the same position in which she had seen herself when she was Ned's pitiful little beggar.

"Thanks, Bobbie," said Iris and turned to June. "If you want more, honey, in your struggle for independence, come right back, and I'll make Bobbie give it to us."

June shrunk away. "Oh, I can't possibly take it! I didn't know you were going to ask Bobbie!"

"Where else do I get it?" blurted the bosom friend. "Bobbie's the easiest way."

"That's just it," June pointed out. "Can't you see what a beggar a dependent woman is? Don't you see that if I can't accept a gift of money from my husband I can't possibly let you accept for me a gift of money from your husband? Don't be angry, Iris, please. I'm fighting for a principle."

"Oh, Mr. Thomas Rot!" exploded Bobbie.

"That attitude is at the bottom of the whole thing, Bobbie," argued June, with spirit. "Because the man has supported the woman for ages he has made himself the master. That destroys the woman's self respect, and love dies."

"She's a fine kid," said Bobbie heartily, "but if she's going to draw the line on money which has been handed from a man to a woman she'll have to get it fresh from the mint."

"What will you do, June?" fretted Iris.

"If I only had that purse mummy gave me," mused June.

"She got that from your father," Bobbie was unkind enough to remind her.

"Oh, that was daddy's money," she brightly replied, no trace of concern on her brow, "and it's the last I can take from them now that I'm married. Iris, couldn't you go out to the house and say you'll send it to me?"

"Just the thing!" Iris was bubbling immediately with enthusiasm. "We'll go right out now. Bobbie, call the car."

"You mustn't let them know I'm here," warned June. "You mustn't let any one know!"

"Within five minutes Iris and Bobbie in the swift little runabout were headed for Brynport. In the library June had found a picture of Ned among some other intimate photographs, and it was with constant reference to this and amid constant talking to it and constant cursing of it that she penned her important message:

My Dear, Dear Boy—I cannot explain in a letter what happened today. When I am free, dear Ned, I will make you understand and forgive. You must not try to find your unhappy bride, JUNE.

CHAPTER II.

AUNT DEBBY came around the corner of the Moore house in all her glory—stiff lavender dress with the red posies on it, yellow hat with the green feather, tan shoes and blue stockings.

"Howdy, Aunt Debby!" Bobbie Blithering, with his chattel beside him, swung up the drive in his fast little runabout.

June's parents came to the door. Mrs. J. Moore in the blue and tan smoking jacket which he had refused to wear until tenderness at June's approaching departure had brought him to it, and Charlotte Moore in the gray silk dress embroidered by June's own hands.

"Come right in," heartily invited Father Moore, and Mother Moore, with soft eyes, shook Bobbie by one hand and Iris by both.

"We have only a minute to stay," began Iris, starting to talk as they went into the library. "I heard from June."

In the parlor, came straight over. "She missed her purse," glibly went on Iris, while Bobbie eyed her with admiration. "She's afraid she lost it. Did she leave it here?"

"Right on that table," And Mrs. Moore's eyes sparkled. She took it from a drawer in a desk.

"That girl always was careless about money," laughed Mr. Moore as if it were a virtue.

Bobbie glanced at Iris. She was as serene as a plate of ice cream.

"I'll send it to her," offered Iris, and Mrs. Moore smilingly put it in her hand.

"Why didn't June wire us?" puzzled father, his fists bulging in the pockets of his gray smoking jacket.

"Yes, why didn't she?" Mother's voice was full of anxiety, but as she saw the untruffled expression of Iris Blithering's face she began to bridle.

If June could wire her friend, why couldn't she wire her mother?

"You have such slow delivery out here," promptly explained Iris.

"Just what did she say?"

Iris cast her eyes to the ceiling and began telling off the words on her fingers.

"Phone mother I can't find my purse. Did I forget it? Extremely happy. Bunches of love to all. June."

Twenty minutes were all the callers could spare. They drove down the boulevard. A taxicab flashed by them, but they did not notice it. Ned Warner was in the taxi, and he was out and up on the porch before the machine had come to a full stop. John Moore answered the bell, and he stood as if petrified when he saw his son-in-law's expression.

"Have you heard from June?" husked Ned.

"She's with you?" The voice of Mrs. Moore was strained and tense.

Mrs. Moore came hurrying out, her face ashen.

"June!" she cried. She ran down to the taxi and peered in through the open window. She came running back and caught Ned by the arm. "Where is my girl?"

"Then she isn't here?" gasped Ned.

"Come inside." John Moore's voice had lost all its color. He led the way into the library. "Now, what is all this about? Why are you here alone?"

"I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her."

"We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left her with it to mail it to June."

"Then that's where she is!" There was relief in Ned's voice.

"Sit down," said Moore. "Why are you not with her?"

"I don't know." There was a choke in Ned's voice. "She left me on the train—slipped away at Parvillie."

"She wouldn't do such a thing without good cause!" declared Mrs. Moore with firm conviction.

"What happened?" This sharply from Moore.

"I don't understand. She told me she lost her purse. I gave her some money, and she went to sleep with her head on my shoulder. I pilloved her more comfortably on the seat by and by and went into the smoker. I drove

in to look at her about every five minutes, and when I came back after we had passed Parvillie she was gone. She left the money on the seat. Here it is." And he showed them the three crumpled bills, one partly torn.

"How do you know she returned to New York?" demanded Moore.

"I saw her. I got off at the next station and telephoned. The station master at Parvillie reported that he saw her getting on a down train. I took an express and overhauled her as we came into the Grand Central station. I saw her leave the station and get into a taxi."

"You are holding something back!" Moore charged. "I want to know the truth!"

"You have all I can tell you," declared Ned. He would not tell them about the black Vandyked man, and June was Mrs. Warner now.

"Will you get your wraps, please, Charlotte?" June's father finally said, and rose. "We are going to Iris. I'll order the car."

They were grim and silent as they sped away.

While they rode the black Vandyked man, in Sherry's, sat at the end of a long table between a jovial host with a gray mustache and a ponderous man with heavily lidded eyes and short hair.

There were a dozen placed at the table, and wine blazed at every plate, but the others of the party, which included a half dozen vivacious and gayly gowning young women, were dancing. The three men talked in low tones, their hands bent together, and the black Vandyked man was the most silent. Finally he began to talk and grew enthusiastic, and presently he drew forth June's little gold watch. Then he flashed open the lid. All three men bent eagerly over it. They gazed upon the lovely features of the runaway bride, their faces bent close together. They clapped the black Vandyked man on the shoulder.

It was during this time that June Warner, sitting quietly in a corner of the library with Bobbie and Iris and with her mother's purse still in her hand, heard a familiar voice in the vestibule.

"Daddy!" She dashed from her chair in a flash and went upstairs to her room.

"Where's June?" Mrs. Moore had pushed through ahead of the men.

John Moore walked straight to Bobbie Blithering and shook an awe-inspiring finger at that young man.

"Where's my girl?" he demanded. Bobbie slowly straightened.

"Well, she's here," he said. "What of it?"

"I'll tell you what of it!" said Iris. "June has decided not to see any of you just yet, and she won't!"

"Iris," begged Mrs. Moore, "what does it all mean?"

Iris took two letters from the mantel. She gave one to Ned and one to Mrs. Moore.

"Why are you here alone?"

Moore. Her husband looked over her shoulder. The letter was addressed to Ned. Dear Daddy and Mummy—I cannot explain in a letter why I was compelled to leave Ned. Some day I will make you understand and forgive. Please be good to dear Ned and love.

YOUR LITTLE JUNE.

"Here's the man," shouted Ned, his voice full of sudden fury. He held a pair of gloves in one hand and a card in the other. "These are June's gloves. They were lying on the table, and this card was in them."

"They're my gloves!" called Iris, but Ned laughed at her. There was no mistaking those dainty, blue embroidered bits of white kid.

"Now, I'll tell you," went on Ned. "This man, Gilbert Bye, whose name I now know for the first time, was with her from the moment she left me until she came here. He is a tall, black Vandyked man, and at Parvillie he was seen assisting June on the down train."

"I saw them," said Ned, "myself through the car window talking together. I want to find Gilbert Bye! Are you hiding him too?" And he turned savagely on Iris.

Bobbie lounged forward. "That'll do, Ned," he warned. "Iris, call June."

"June!" They heard Iris throwing doors open and running through the house, calling June. Ned darted up the stairs, but in the hall Iris met him with a frightened face. "She's gone!" They all searched for her, but there was no trace of her.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. GILBERT BYE was in a shrill voiced converse with a big green parrot, which, from length and sharpness of nose and height of eye arches, might have been a sister to her. A maid announced that some one had wanted to see Mr. Bye, and, since he was not at home, would Mrs. Bye care to say where he was? He came to New York on an early train.

Mrs. Bye rose instantly. She sailed straight into the hall and confronted the five earnest visitors. "Did you say Mr. Bye returned on an early train?"

"Yes," Ned tried not to speak curtly. "I saw him."

"I am Mrs. Bye. Is there anything I can do for you?" The lady was studying the group with a shrewlike penetration. Mrs. Bye began to worry herself. Also she began to suspect that last was her specialty. "If you will tell me the nature of your business with Mr. Bye I may be able to locate him."

"I want my daughter!" blurted out John Moore, his lips squaring.

"Oh!" And Mrs. Bye's voice rose. "Your daughter?" She glared at them for a moment. "Will you please wait?" she asked and sailed back through the hall. They could hear her sharp voice telephoning. She had called her husband a club, and they heard her exclaim indignantly, "Where's Sherry's?"

She was back, blazing. She had her hat in her hand. "He's at Sherry's!"

taxi rattled on. He jumped in his own car and gave the word and started.



Mrs. Gilbert Bye Was in Shill Voice

Confronted With a Big Green Parrot, she shrilled.

An electric coupe stood at the door. She slammed into that, turned on the lights and rolled away with as much vigor as was in the capacity of her machine. Bobbie's runabout darted after her and passed her and then came the limousine with Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Ned.

Poor June! It had been hard for her to leave these beloved voices down there in the library, but she had made up her mind very firmly that neither she nor Ned could be happy if she was always to feel that she was a chattel. She ran back to the desk for Ned's photograph, then stepped lightly out on the tiny side porch, jumped down to the little embankment and fled, as light as a thistle-down, along the side of the house and out at the little grocer's gate.

Where now should she go? The apartment, their home, hers and Ned's! She hurried up in that direction, but at the first corner she stopped for an instant and darted over toward Broadway. She had realized three things almost simultaneously—first, that they might come out of the Blithering house at any instant and see her; second, that she had no key and, third, that Ned might come there. It would be the most likely place for him to go in his loneliness.

In fond memory, stopping at the first dark corner, she went over each of the door knobs, furnished just to fit her and delight her—the white and gold reception room, the white and gold drawing room, the white and black library, the white and black bedroom, the all white kitchen. She saw Ned in every room and herself there. Now flushed and happy she was experimenting with the toy range, now they were dining together all alone. She was playfully feeding Ned, and he was seasoning the meal with stolen kisses, waiting clear around the table to get them. They were spending an evening of blissful companionship in the library.

She suddenly held her handkerchief to her mouth to choke back a sob. On Broadway she hailed a passing taxi.

All was sparkling at Sherry's, but Gilbert Bye had taken small share in the hilarity. He had risen to go when a black eyed young woman, the most vivacious of the party, called him to task for his evening of secret scheming.

"You're up to some devilment," she charged, playfully tweaking his beard. "Come and dance with me."

"Sorry, Tommy," he told her, with that queer smile on his lips, "but I've a previous engagement."

"She can wait," pouted the girl. She dragged Bye away from the table.

"Take my card, Gil!" called the gray mustached host.

"Certainly," replied Bye, and the three men exchanged a smile. "I'll dance one round with Tommy; then I'll go."

Before that round was over, however, Gilbert Bye saw an apparition in the doorway, and his face turned cold. The apparition was a tall, angular woman with a long, high nose and high arched brows, who was trying to bore Gilbert Bye through and through with a double eyed glare of burning ferocity. He hurried over to his wife. She had shrilled:

"Who is that woman?" One lean, long finger pointed accusingly at the vivacious black eyed girl with whom Gil had been dancing.

"I shall explain nothing," said Gilbert. "I'm through!"

He left her contemptuously, leaving her stunned by this unexpected revolt. As he went down the steps he heard her shrieking something after him and he hurried. As he dashed out of the door he ran into a group who were coming in. They were the Moores, the Blitherings and Ned Warner, and he was upon them and past them and jumping into the luxuriously furnished runabout with the little watch in his hand, before they realized that this was the man they were seeking.

"There he goes!" cried Ned. "The second!"

Bye, moving rapidly away, saw the confusion and blamed his wife for the scene, for now she was in the lead of the excited group, which was rushing toward him.

The house of the Moores at Brynport was dark when June arrived, the dear old house. It stood back amid the dim trees, with a dignity and beauty which she had never before thoroughly appreciated, and at the gate she hesitated as if, with no one to welcome her, she had no right here. There was a welcome, though, and a joyous one, a loud, hearty one, a series of delighted barks from her dog Bouncer.

The hole through which he usually emerged had been found and closed, but he wasted no time on that. He crept came through the window, bringing a part of the snub with him, and here he was running circles around her, leaping at her, crouching, barking at the top of his voice, doing everything in his power to show her that she was a welcome visitor at this place and in his heart at any hour of the night or day.

He had known her very presence from far back in the shed.

It was the work of a minute for June to clamber through an unlocked kitchen window and to rush upstairs, get her maid, Marie, seize several garments and drag with her the astounded servant.

"Miss June! Miss June!" cried Aunt Debby, out of breath from running, but June only waved a hand at her as the taxi swept out of the drive.

A limousine had stopped in front of the house, and a black Vandyked man had alighted.

"Miss Moore!" he called, but June

taxi rattled on. He jumped in his own car and gave the word and started.



Where Now Should She Go

in swift pursuit.

The two machines were still in sight when the runabout of Bobbie and Iris dashed around the circle.

"Is June here?" called Iris.

"Lardy, no!" puffed Aunt Debby. "Dat's her gals' yonder!"

The runabout was gone with a whizz, and immediately after came the family limousine.

"Is June here?" called all three of the occupants at once.

"She's just done gone! The gentleman with black whiskers has just done gone! Mr. Bobbie and Miss Iris has just done gone! Whoo!"

Around the corner there rolled an electric coupe. It was brilliantly lighted, and in it sat an angular woman with a high, long nose and high arched brows, beneath which glittered two sharp eyes.

"Say!" shrieked the occupant of the electric.

Aunt Debby, her broad hand on her stomach, pointed down the road.

TO BE CONTINUED

TIRE, WEAK AND NERVOUS

Why Are So Many Richmond People in This Condition?

Feel tired, irritable and depressed? Urine irregular, back weak and pain full?

These are symptoms that suggest kidney trouble.